

## BRIDES OF THE AUTUMN

### ONE SEPTEMBER WEDDING TO TAKE PLACE THIS WEEK.

Mrs. Annie Best's Marriage to Arthur Howard Carroll. Miss Janet Fish to Be Her Sister's Maid of Honor. Miss Katharine Delafeld Hall Engaged.

September weddings are not usual in New York, but the social season will be

was found impossible, however, for Mrs. Best to find quarters for all the guests also expected to invite Mrs. Annie Best is a very fair blond with a delicate complexion. Arthur Carroll is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Carroll. Mrs. Carroll was Miss Caroline Starn. Arthur Carroll was graduated from Columbia six years ago. He is a member of the Artillery Club. The country house of the family is at Tarrytown.

The ceremony will take place at 4:30 o'clock on Thursday afternoon. It will be performed by the Rev. Percy S. Grant



Photo by Marceau.

MISS JANET FISH.

as her sister's maid of honor. The wedding will take place within a few weeks at Rockland, the summer home of the Fishes at Garrison.

The bride to be is the daughter of Hamilton Fish. Her other sister is Miss Helena Fish. Miss Janet Fish has been in Paris this summer, where it is said she went to select the trousseau for her sister. Miss Fish is to marry John Fisher, a Bostonian.

Miss Alice Vandergrift, who is to be married next month to Craig Culbertson

of Louisville, Ky., is the daughter of a Pittsburgh family which recently moved to Washington. Miss Vandergrift, who has been at Newport this summer, spends much of her time in New York.

Miss Katharine Delafeld Hall, whose engagement to W. S. Groesbeck Fowler has just been announced, is the second daughter of Mrs. John T. Hall of 10 East Thirtieth street. Mrs. Hall was Miss Catherine C. Delafeld. Mr. Fowler is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Fowler of 26 West Tenth street. He was gradu-



Photo by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.

MISS ALICE VANDERGRIFT.

Photo by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.

MRS. ANNIE BEST.

opened in that particular here on Thursday when Mrs. Annie Best will be married to Arthur Howard Carroll. Mrs. Best, who made her bow to society about five years ago, was married first to E. Yale Smith of Lee, Mass., but they were soon divorced.

Mrs. Clermont Best, who was Miss Mary Tooker before her marriage, lives at 64 East Seventy-seventh street. It was intended to have the wedding at Newport, where Mrs. Best has had a cottage during the past summer. It

## BROOK FARM AFTER 70 YEARS

### VISIT TO THE SCENE OF A FAMOUS EXPERIMENT.

The Place Now an Asylum for Orphans—The Margaret Fuller Cottage the Only Building Unchanged—Only Two Members of the Association Surviving.

BOSTON, Sept. 10.—The street car conductor shook his head.

"Brook Farm? I never heard of it," he replied to the stranger's question.

"But you must know," was the pettish reply, for the day was warm and the visitor was anxious not to be carried beyond his destination. "Every body has heard of Brook Farm."

"Well I never have," was the defiant reply.

Then just as the pilgrim was saying to himself: "And this is culchawed Boston!" a pleasant faced Irishman leaned over and said:

"It's Brook Farm we're asking after? I never was there, but they do say Baker street is the nearest way."

The direction proved correct and the pilgrim after leaving the car at Baker street, about a mile beyond West Roxbury village, was able to hold a straight (somewhat torrid) course to the farmstead which just seventy summers before had been secured for the purposes of the Brook Farm Association.

The sizzling heat was almost forgotten as the cool recesses, already somewhat familiar through reading, came into prospect. Reminiscences of Hawthorne and "Blithedale Romance," of Ralph Waldo Emerson's condescending patronage of the association, of Margaret Fuller's conversations, which some of them found interminable, and a score of well remembered anecdotes crowded into mind as the Hive was reached, half shaded by the willows, alongside the brook which gives the place its name.

This is truly a little journey back to 1840. Brook Farm is found to-day to be practically as unspoiled as when the Rev. George Ripley, bringing to a head several years of discussion in the Transcendental Club, settled with his wife and sister, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Minot Pratt and his family and several other believers in the principle of cooperative association, there were twenty in the initial group, on the spot destined, for literary reasons, to become world renowned.

That was in the spring of 1841. Mr. Ripley had become acquainted with the charm of the place the preceding summer, when he and his wife boarded with the then owner, a Mr. Ellis, so that this year is really the seventieth anniversary of the experiment.

Comparatively little has been changed in the seventy years. The broad meadows, gently rolling uplands, the woodland paths and the meadow brook winding from clump to clump of venerable willows are to-day just as when the members of the community worked and played and studied and frolicked together.

This quiet corner of the city of Boston, situated about eight miles south from the golden dome, has escaped the invading march of suburban villas and apartment houses. Although automobiles buzz along the highway and the buzz of a distant trolley is heard, the solitude and remoteness of the place have been preserved.

It is easy to understand how the distance to town in the old days proved to be a practical drawback as far as the transportation of farm products was concerned. That the surrounding territory has not been more thickly settled is due to its being off the great natural transportation highways.



Photo by Marceau.

MRS. SETH C. SWARTOUT.

has been assured by its occupancy since the early '70s by a German Lutheran orphan asylum, maintained by an association of the Lutheran churches of eastern Massachusetts. A sweet voiced German matron at the doorway of the asylum admits that the location is ideal for their purposes and tells of occasional visitors anxious to identify the literary landmarks.

With a little assistance the process of identification proves easy. Of the original buildings of the Brook Farm Association the Margaret Fuller cottage only remains still unchanged. It is perched on a slightly knoll, beside some bolders of Roxbury conglomerate or pudding stone. It may or may not be a misnomer.

Margaret Fuller, although never strictly a member of the association, was a frequent visitor and doubtless may have had a room in this cottage, the downstairs part of which served as a school-house. The name at any rate of this brilliant woman whose centenary has just been celebrated, has been more familiarly associated with Brook Farm than those of many of its actual members, and the little six room structure, now the home of a thrifty German family, always attracts the attention and looks of visitors.

The Hive, in which like homing loaves the members of the community gathered three times a day for the cheery simple meals, seasoned with bright repartee and atrocious puns, is now in a much remodelled state, a steam with rose colored orphans. This main building was appropriately named for Mr. Ripley on one occasion described it as "full of the association's spirit, with a new kind of a great deal of honey and sting not at all." Many among those who caused these meetings to be looked upon as nomadic later on became, as the world knows, large figures in the land.

Pulpit Rock, which Hawthorne's imagination pictured as the nucleus of the association, and which actually was the scene of numerous services presided over by the Rev. Theodore Parker and William Henry Channing, both staunch members of the association, still rises the orator in the cool shadows of the pine back of the Margaret Fuller cottage, while the mysterious cave formed by the two rocks, overlapping each other, is doubtless as interesting to the little orphans of the present day as it was to the youngsters among the Brook Farmers.

The words were the special glory of the place in the '40s. They are still in the summer of 1910, despite the menace of the gypsy motels, deep and shadowy, with little paths leading in unaccountable directions. One of these leads to a small pond which is popularly identified with the pond in which Zenobia of "Blithedale Romance" drowned herself.

The Pilgrim House and the Ferry, where Mr. Ripley's family lived, are to be seen, the latter having been demolished for the unromantic purpose of furnishing lumber for a pigsty, a prosaic ending for the interesting structure in which the French winnow John Thomas Coleman used to sit and dream to the accompaniment of Fanny Wright's "Leaves of Grass." Recollections of these days were later embodied in Dr. Colman's book of memoirs of the Brook Farm experiment.

The site of these buildings was known in 1840 as Camp Aetna, and occupied by the Massachusetts Society of Friends of Industry under Col. George H. Gorham, author of "From Brook Farm to Bear Mountain." In the woods are a few graves, but like all some visitors suppose to receive the remains of the members of the association, for only one death occurred during the experiment, that of a last resting place of soldiers, victims of typhoid.

To-day of the hundred or more persons connected with the Brook Farm association, only two are alive. Charles H. Fiske of Boston and Mrs. Rebecca Colman Butterfield of West Medford. They are respectively 82 and 81. Both believe that except for an unfortunate accident the story of the experiment might have had a different ending.

Without quarrels and with less display of incompatibility of temperaments than in average human society, the colony was holding well together and its ideal situation was slowly improving. The association's two are alive, and the one who destroyed the large primary building, the chalcid, which was practically ready for occupancy, and in which the association's two are alive, had been placed of the building, so that a crashing blow was delivered from which recovery seemed impossible. One by one the members left in the following spring and summer.

Still each summer a few pilgrims, usually from out of New England, by dint of a good deal of inquiring reach Brook Farm for an hour or two of reverie among the old associations.

of the Church of the Ascension. There will be a limited number of guests, chiefly of the relatives of both families. There will be a maid of honor, Mrs. John Aspegren, but no bridesmaids and no ushers. Mrs. Aspegren was Miss Louise Bacon before her marriage. It was her mother, Mrs. Daniel Bacon, who was recently robbed of her jewelry at San Moritz. She was Miss Charlotte Macy Vantine.

Miss Janet Fish is the sister of Miss Emily Rosalind Fish, who is to be one of the autumn brides. Miss Fish will act

## THE GARDEN IN WINTER

### FLOWERS THAT BLOOM OUTDOORS IN COLD WEATHER.

A Succession Possible From September to March—Crocuses, Irises and Other Bulbs That Will Do Well Without Protection Under Average Conditions.

"It is quite possible to have flowers blooming out of doors from September to March if you are willing to take a little trouble," declared a New Jersey nurseryman who makes a specialty of winter blooming plants and bulbs. "I do not say that they will bloom as luxuriantly as in the warm months, but they will be flowers and well worth cultivating."

Besides the Christmas rose there are several varieties of the crocus and iris families that come into bloom in the winter and will stand our climate. While they will bloom more freely if planted in the cold frame they will blossom to a certain extent out of doors under average conditions in a normal winter.

To begin with the autumn crocuses the bulbs should be ordered in July or even earlier and planted in August. The best pink crocus for autumn blooming is *romantic*. It is one of the few varieties that are feathered inside instead of out. It is a very gay little flower because of the prominent yellow center.

The best variety with bluish blossoms is the *pulchellus*. This has a bluish blue bloom the petals of which are heavily veined both inside and out. The best purple is the *nudiflorus*. This is my own favorite for planting on the lawn.

While its season is somewhat shorter than that of the others I have mentioned, it makes a sensation while it lasts. It is a large flower measuring five inches across, with tubes sometimes seven inches long. The flowers develop with astonishing rapidity often a week or less after planting.

The most famous member of the crocus family, the saffron flower, is an autumn bloomer, blooming in this climate in October. This flower is said to have been grown for more than 3,000 years for the sake of its medicinal and dye qualities. The valuable part of the flower is its big orange scarlet stigma.

These bulbs are the cheapest of all autumn and winter bloomers and when once settled in congenial surroundings they should bloom every October and increase from year to year. Another yellow flower blooming in September and October is the *Stercoraria lutea*, which belongs to the *amaryllis* family and is sometimes called the winter *affodil*. It is supposed to have been the flower referred to in the Bible as the lily of the field.

The largest of all autumn crocuses is the *alutaceus*. This belongs to the feathered variety and begins to bloom in September. It often measures six inches across and has lilac petals veined in dark purple with a white throat.

The late blooming varieties of crocus should be planted in October. As a rule these varieties are much cheaper than the autumn bloomers. This is a purple bloom, with the inner petals considerably smaller than the outer ones.

In December and January will come the longest bloom. Some seasons this amounts to a couple of weeks, when wind, sleet and snow will keep the most venturesome of bulbs under cover. As other seasons I have seen lawns covered with snow and with blooming crocuses. The snow would spring up in a night and the crocuses would spring up in a night and



Photo by Marceau, N. Y.

MISS KATHARINE DELAFELD HALL, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. W. S. GROESBECK FOWLER.

the next morning after an hour of sunshine they would all open wide.

If you want to take the risk of getting such an effect you can be reasonably sure of having blooms in February by planting the imperial crocus. This is certainly the earliest bloomer among the spring varieties of feathered crocuses. It often blooms in January if the weather is mild, but a heavier frost comes it is sure to give pleasure because of its gorgeous color scheme. The blossoms are lilac inside, yellow outside with dark purple veins.

The *helioscopus* Scotch crocus comes in January and February also. The most important variety of this family is the cloth of silver. This has a white blossom feathered on the outside with purple and is the cheapest of all white crocuses.

Two yellows that often bloom in February are the *cloth of gold* and the *Dutch yellow*. While they will bloom in February if planted early enough and the weather permitting they are sure to give good results in March.

In the climate where you want to make sure of having these blossoms at a given time in the winter regardless of weather I should advise the use of cold frames. On my own place I use both methods and with entire success. A portable cold frame two feet square is both convenient and cheap.

The bulbs should be planted in the frame at the right season and on sunny days the frame may be removed and there is your lot of blossoms growing out of doors at the time calculated for. These cold frame beds may be located on the lawn or any spot visible from the desired viewpoint. The effect is charming and the trouble and expense slight.

The varieties of the Persian iris that bloom out of doors in this climate in February and March when the weather is normal are dainty little flowers of a pale blue color blotched with dark purple and a crest of bright orange yellow. The blossoms appear before the leaves

and are stemless. Iris *rosenbachiana* is also a March bloomer. The colors of this variety vary being often almost white and again vivid shades of red, blue, purple and yellow. The caucasion is a still later variety and has a handsome sixty hup flower.

There are also the giant snowdrops and glory of the snow that come in March and are well worth all that you pay for the bulbs and the slight attention that they will require. All varieties of the iris I have mentioned, however, are more expensive and harder to get than the crocus. For general use I advise the crocus.

## WHEN BUTTERFLIES MIGRATE

Thousands, Resting for the Night, May Settle on a Single Tree.

Everybody knows the great orange red butterflies with bold black bands and white dots that come sailing along by the thousands in the autumn. But it is not every one who knows that they migrate like the birds in the fall, flying all the way from Canada to Cuba and taking other long flights as they get into the sunny south for the winter. They have extraordinary power on the wing and have been seen flying at sea miles from land.

Vast flocks of hundreds of thousands on their way southward settle on trees and bushes like a swarm of bees, says Archibald, and as they are packed so close together all trees inhabiting mountain peaks and there is not the slightest doubt that these flocks are of great aid to the climber in finding their way up the mountain. The tail also serves as a balance, as evidenced in the case of a squirrel, which may be seen with its tail stretched out to the side, swimming in the air, rope walker balancing himself with a pole.

ated from Princeton ten years ago. He is a member of the Union Club. Mr. Fowler was Miss Julia Groesbeck.

The Rev. Howard St. George Burrell performed the ceremony that made Miss Maud E. Carpenter the wife of Seth C. Swartout on Wednesday at her mother's home in West Eighty-third street. The bride stood under a canopy of pink roses. Her gown was of heavily embroidered white lace. It was trimmed with duchesse lace. Her lace veil was held in place by a spray of orange blossoms.

## MORE STRANGE FRUITS.

### Delicacies of the Far East That the Stay at Home Can't Enjoy.

The New Yorker who expressed surprise at the new fruits he had run across in a trip through the West Indies and Central America only touched the fringe of the subject on which he was expatiating. The fruits he cited, while delicious and unfamiliar to stay-at-home, are not in the true sense exotics.

It is a good bet that this returned traveler never even heard, for instance, of the Peruvian cherimoya, which those lucky enough to have eaten it say surpasses the strawberry in that in addition to the strawberry flavor it conveys to an imaginative mind, at all events, the hint of the cream also, and this is to the vivid palate a Peruvian compendium of strawberries and cream.

The Malayan countries form the Garden of Eden for queer and little known fruits. Their very names sound as though Lewis Carroll had invented them as provender for his Jabberwock. How many Americans have ever heard of, let alone tasted, the blimbing, the langsat, the lung, the mandorot or the rambu, which last grows in bunches and reminds you of a very large and very sweet grape, although it is not a grape at all?

Then there is the jantawan, as large as a big pear and with its flesh encased in a thick india rubberish overcoat, the flesh itself firm and pleasantly acid. Also the taripin, than which the bread-fruit tree has no finer variety. Then to the *Borassia* fig, which Dr. Boccard describes as "bearing great bunches of fine red fruit," the only fig that is not sweet but relies on an entrancing tartness to win its way to favor.

In Borneo too is grown the guango, which has six or eight seeds "embedded in a sweet pulp," something like a pomegranate. It is a fruit that according to the doctor "all human beings like and some think exquisite."

King of all the Malayan fruits is the durian, or durian, the pulp of which has an ineffable flavor, while the smell of its rind is intolerable to civilized noses. The object of the experiment was to show that in the territory beyond the fruit grows form durian clubs, so that they can feast on it and confine the smell to one spot.

Queer fruits with queer names that sound like jokes are not confined to the Malay Archipelago. Something over sixty years ago the Explorer "Chapman" wrote of the *Alphitoea*, a plant he found in the Kalbar Desert. He had found the *Alphitoea* and he characterized it as "all most too luscious for a white palate." Livingstone told of the *manalo* of Malabar and described it as "full of gummy, woody fibre and about the size of a walnut." "Really excellent eating," he would say. "He also praised the *Alphitoea*, which is like a green-gage with a large stone and hardly any pulp but with a sweet liquid instead, simply delicious."

## Why a Cat Falls on Its Feet.

From the London Globe.

A scientist has constructed an ingenious model to show why a cat in falling invariably alights on its feet. This model roughly speaking consists of a cardboard cylinder seven inches in diameter and four inches long, together with a tail device and a counterweight. The object of the experiment was to show that a feline's peculiar faculty depends on the rotation of its tail with respect to its body.

This faculty is specially developed by climbing and leaping animals, such as members of the cat tribe, monkeys, squirrels, bats and most lemur. As a cat starts, the tail plays an important part in the turning process. According to the scientist, all trees inhabiting mountain peaks and there is not the slightest doubt that these flocks are of great aid to the climber in finding their way up the mountain. The tail also serves as a balance, as evidenced in the case of a squirrel, which may be seen with its tail stretched out to the side, swimming in the air, rope walker balancing himself with a pole.